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#### JULY FOURTH.

When the signals of the Declaration of Independence for the Thirteen Colonies blessed their shores in that historic document of the present United States it was much like ringing their death warrants in the event that the long held resolution then had indeed been secured.

It required real gallantry to win that cause, for in the event of defeat the custom of those times was to execute along a traitor, and in the case of England those men were traitors.

But the resolution was a success and today, nearly a century and a half from the beginning of their fight for independence, this great nation which has spread from ocean to ocean celebrates the brave deed done by each man who wrote his name at the end of that bold call to a powerful king.

The spirit of 1776 is still needed in the United States. It is needed now as much or more than it was needed then. In the days of the colonists it required much heroism to found the nation and today it requires an equal amount to sustain and continue it.

While the celebration today is more or less of a care-free, noisy nature according as each community encourages or restricts the celebration, every thoughtful man can gain a pretty fair estimate of himself and his worth to his country and his community by mentally placing himself in the position of those Spartan saviors of that world-famous generation.

There are issues and matters of state today of vital interest to the nation and to its communities and communities. The only solution of these problems is by the self-sacrifice and heroism displayed by the signs of that defiance to a tyrannical king. Today these matters are not fought out in blood and shot and shell, but they none the less require grittiness and heroism.

The real spirit of the Fourth of July is to keep alive and perpetuate the memory and bravery of the men who faced death for principle, let us hope that today, in proportion to the increase of our population, those kind of men have likewise increased, and that in the solution of our national and local affairs the same spirit will animate the mass of our people for in this way only can the government thus founded endure for all time.

#### PASSING IT.

When that Democratic delegation from Washington the members informed the confiding public that they had secured statehood. They declared that the Flood resolution would be passed at once in the senate by a combination of Democrats and insurgents and that nothing could stop it. Now comes the mouthpiece for this interesting combination, declares that Andrews and the old guard in the senate are holding up the Flood resolution and that Andrews is going to "lock 'em in the senate."

So far as this paper is concerned, it does not know and does not care what Andrews and the old guard are doing in the senate. It does know that the Republicans of New Mexico want statehood and as little delay as possible. The Flood resolution is a doubtful proposition. It is so doubtful that even were it passed we might not gain admission to the union unless our constitution would be approved. This Democratic committee says there is no bill now being made by the Republican organization in New Mexico over the Flood resolution. This has been apparent to most people for some time. It is not strange that the Republican organization is not throwing out this over a question especially raised by the Democrats, nor for statehood but for political purposes. The committee if it keeps its eyes to the ground will no doubt by degrees come to hear just what is being done with the Flood resolution.

However, the interesting part of the affair just now is the assertion of the Democratic committee that went to Washington and thereby put the whole matter of statehood in jeopardy at this session that a combination of Democrats and insurgents in the senate would pass the Flood resolution at once. If they have that power, they certainly can force a report from the committee, pass the resolution and get the matter before the president. Why don't they do it? If they don't do it and have the power

they assert they have, who is delaying the Flood resolution the Republicans or the Democrats?

#### THE DEAR MOROCCO.

When it comes to the situation in Morocco the average citizen will have to pass. With statehood, especially between now and next summer, and with regard to my mother of the same name, summer vacation and a picture shortage, this country is pretty well secured.

France sent 8 regiments to Fez last Monday and is planned to go next Friday, which is Friday. These are the men who are the Associated Press and news that are made there. But we read further with great interest that the United States is not particularly interested in the Moroccan situation. Neither are we. A country with the same basic worth added to France and Austria is not likely to be much of a country.

The Moroccan situation is important as far as the Moroccans, but otherwise it is not. The situation of the big towns is more serious to us. As far as the interests of the big towns is concerned, it is vastly more important. It is most worthy about something during the weather, we would rather the cold hills of fear in the pleasant things of civilization should be brought about by Tom Sawyer's Hapless trying for the establishment of the African High School.

If Germany and France and Spain and England and Russia and another foreign power feel that the Moroccan situation needs attention, then let them act. Let them see-saw. Fog and saddle. And see-saw the Sultan or emperor or whatever he is, as much as they please. If any well informed reader of the Herald knows the ins and outs and whereabouts of the Moroccan situation and feels that it is imminent upon him to inflict the information on the balance of the list, he may do so through the Herald.

But for ourselves we are content with knowing that Morocco has a situation and that this country is not greatly interested.

They also celebrate De Vargas day at Santa Fe and the affair is said to be spectacular and historical. There are many such observances in this territory that are overlooked every year. Out of all the cities and towns in New Mexico, Santa Fe is the only one to keep alive that feature of our history. The Capital city deserves commendation for its patriotic spirit and patriotism.

The spectacle of a justice of the peace disbarring an attorney from practicing in his court and the additional one of another justice of the peace holding to the grand jury a well-known physician of New Mexico for a rather flimsy charge of assault on a man who was him long overdue medical fees, indicates that a little closer scrutiny of candidates for these offices at the next election will not be amiss.

The mayor of Hinsdale, Kan., has ordered the town pump repaired if our mayor did anything so radical as that the staid city council, in a strict party vote, would no doubt do it.

The city council, apparently, desires Mayor Elder simply to sit still and watch the aldermen spend the people's money.

Well, if "The United Demand" of the people will get us statehood, then let me advise that famous statehood speech to Washington.

Did the fire chief get the council to do that same size six?

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• NEW MEXICANS WEAR SOCKS.

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(Montana Republican)

Advertisement in Eagle Brings Order From New Mexico.

The advertising power of the Eagle's advertising pages was demonstrated this week by the Vicks Clothing Co. The company in one of their ads last week advertised a special in silk socks. This week that company sent a letter from U. S. Commissioner W. C. Hawking at Montoya, N. M., objecting to the ad claimed from the Eagle and ordering six pairs of the socks. The first intimation of the fact that we wore socks was coming into notice when Robert Williams from Kansas walked into our office and said "Did you get your socks?" We then supposed he had been checking for this firm and had told the owner so we said "Yes" and then "you shouldn't too." He replied that he had seen in the daily Eagle that we had ordered some. The next morning I got a letter from Justice Walker of Toledo, Ohio, an old friend of ours, saying he was pleased to note we were still able to wear socks. Two days later we received the following from the Concho County State bank, Atchison, Okla., a branch of our Democratic friends, who never wear socks. And yet congress says New Mexico is not ready for statehood, the ad being enclosed, also. Now isn't that the limit?

We are afraid to call for our mail any more.

Heavy, impure blood makes a mucky, plump complexion, headache, nausea, indigestion. Thin blood makes you weak, pale, sickly.

Rock Blood Bitters makes the stout rich, red, pure—restores per-

## CARLSBAD PAPER PRAISES LOCAL STUDENT

A. R. Seder, a Graduate of the University This Year, Given Fine Send-Off as Principal of Eddy County School.

The Carlsbad Current for the last week contains a very favorable comment on the selection of A. R. Seder, a graduate of the University of New Mexico this year as principal of the Carlsbad High school. It says as follows:

"A. R. Seder is a graduate of the University of New Mexico of the class of 1911. His specialty is science. In his work at the university he has shown conspicuous ability not only in regular school work, but also in student enterprises. He is a speaker of much note and last year was editor-in-chief of the college paper. In addition to all this he is an athlete and has been chosen captain of athletics in the Carlsbad High school."

The established school of education here complimented his selection of the following for his future schools for the next three years: Eddy County, the fall of 1911; Roswell, the winter of 1911-1912; and Carlsbad, the spring of 1912.

W. A. Thompson, L. L. A. H. University of New Mexico, superintendent.

**High school.**

A. R. Seder, A. H. University of New Mexico, principal, science and higher mathematics.

Mrs. Maria Marquardt, L. L. A. H. University of New Mexico, English.

Mrs. Margaret Morrissey, English.

Mrs. Marcelline Collette, Latin and French.

Mrs. Virginia Hendon, History and Spanish.

W. A. Poore, German.

English grade is to be taught by High school teacher.

**Grammar School.**

P. M. Hartfield, Indiana State Normal, principal, seventh grade.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hall, sixth grade.

Mrs. Emma Swinkard, fifth grade.

Mrs. Edna Leppert, (Pembury College for Teachers), fourth grade.

Mrs. Ethel Johnson, third grade.

Mrs. Lucile McNeely, second grade.

Mrs. Eva Kaysenbach, (Pembury Texas), first grade.

**Spaniard-American School.**

Mrs. Mary Miller, principal.

Miss Myrtle Collier, assistant.

**ROSWELL TO SINK THIRD WELL.**

Addition to Be Made to City's Water Supply Facilities; Contract Awarded to Roswell Man for Work.

Roswell, N. M., July 4.—A contract has been let to Joseph Carter and sons for the drilling of a third well for the city's water supply. Carter is a local man.

Two wells are now furnishing water for city's system, and it is found necessary to make the increase in capacity being made in the summer months owing to the large number of additional connections that were put in through the spring and summer. The third well is to be sunk immediately and will be located near the present wells on the city's property at the power plant on the southwest part of the city. The drill will go to water and the price will be announced later. Mr. Carter stated the present wells will be left in the ground and the new ones then with the administration were said that he gave the greatest of satisfaction.

The beauty of the improvement is the fact that Roswell has the ends in hand to pay for it. Through its conservative business methods the water department has saved more than enough money to pay for the extra well, buying bonds at 4% interest to be used for this and other improvements.

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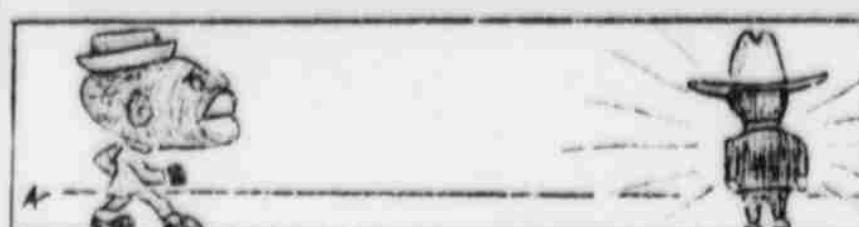
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#### WILL ANYONE DOUBT IT?

A stranger in Albuquerque, no matter what he might think of the impossible condition of our streets, the dilapidated condition of our crossings or the inadequate housing of our city cannot fail to admire the neat and businesslike appearance of our city police. Particularly is this true of our chief, whose immediate appearance in the worst weather and his indefatigable bearing in the midst of the most trying circumstances always suggests a sense of wonder to his associates in the work of carrying out the law.

So he made some people laugh at the corner of Second street and Central Avenue today to bear the words of a minister and man who approached him with a question. The negro eyed the chief from a distance of a child. The chief's broad hat, bright buttons and faultless uniform seemed to radiate with the dignity of his office. The negro advanced and saluted at the big hand over the gift of admiring citizens of Albuquerque. At last he spoke:

"Excuse me, sir, excuse me," he said. "Is—can an officer?"

For several minutes nothing could be heard but the steps of the chief's feet and the soft patter of the rain drops. No 14 shots as he retreated glistened on the sidewalk.

#### THE INGLORIOUS FOURTH.

Stranger, I don't see no harm in shooting 'em. 14 shots, 14 lightin' gunpowder, cannons or course, git a inch of fire. He little bits of caps, er' willis that don't make any sound. He even eatin' crackers if you throw them on the ground.

But, gosh, they come all punchin' me, an' they took away my gun. This year in Albuquerque a kid can't have no fun. They set us up like jellies and wouldn't let us run. An' kept a regular hellfire out to bring the tellers in.

Look, there was shucks of kids from every part of town, Highland hills and sheep country kids from all around. An' some big lots of kids, all of 'em, the caps took 'em away. You couldn't much as shake your hands or hop a walk all day.

Wait, I remember last year, or else the year before, when they had bands and cones and devils in almost every store. An' every kind of cannon an' thing to make a noise. Didn't they have a bunch of girls in there, the girls an' men an' boys.

Now, they ain't nothing no good in this here town no more. When I grow up I'm goin' to move to Greewicks store. And never out my foot inside of Albuquerque again. They ain't no use to live here when the Fourth is safe inside.

#### LOST IN A GREAT CITY.

"There's no place like home. So sang a trampplayer of this city named Jack B., while he was on a beautiful Saturday night jag. In all this big city, with all its houses, there was none he could call his own.

Not to begin at the beginning. His loving wife had told him Saturday as he went to work that they were going to move. He cheerfully replied to go ahead and attend to it, and that he would come to the new house that evening. She told him the street number, and that was all he thought about it all the time.

Some Saturday evening, and Jack went out for a walk. About 10 o'clock he began to think of home. His loving wife no doubt missed him. The more he thought about it the more words he thought she must be missing him. He asked Officer Jordan where he lived, but could not remember him.

Sunday he was a homeless wanderer about the streets. He wandered about wondering where he lived. He thought of home cooking and home comforts until a distinct feeling of homesickness came over him. He was gripped with that horrible desire that overcomes the wanderer in a big city.

Then he thought of the police. An inquiry revealed the fact that Mrs. Jack B. had been looking for her husband and had told Officer Alex Knapp where the man's home was located. But Mr. Knapp had forgotten Jack B., when he learned this, gave up all hope of seeing his dear wife again, but kept on reading. The story has a happy ending—he met a contractor who had seen Mrs. B. The contractor told him where he lived.

Jack B. had been looking for his wife all day.

At the